

OLD TIME AS HE BURIED THE BEAUTIFUL HOURS
Ballad
BY
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THE MUSIC BY
PROF. DOWNIE
ARRANGED FOR GUITAR
BY
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A. FIOT, Philadelphia
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Moderato.

VOICE.

GUITAR.

7th: pos: 2d: pos: 2d: V. The an - - - gels have wo - - - ven the
Old time as he bu - - - ried the
tis - - - sue of life, Of mys - - - ti - cal sun - - shine and shade - - - O,
beau - - - ti - ful hours, That fa - - - ded away by thy side, En -
let us for - get, . . . love, its sor - - - row and strife, And che - - - rish its joys ere they
- shroud - ed them all . . . in bright leaves and fair flow'rs, And gave me no hint when they



fade. And let us re-mem-ber when love holds his reign, To
 died. Their light fingers swept..life's e-o-lian strings, Too
 warm our chill hearts..... in his glow,..... And treasure the brightness he
 soft-ly too soon..... to de-part..... But many a jewel, that
 leaves in his train, To solace our mo-ments of
 fell from their wings; Is treasur'd a-way..... in my
 woe.
 heart.

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Thus love in the dim twilight future afar,
 When hope in our sad hearts is dead,
 The past, like the light of a radiant star,
 Will brighten the pathway we tread.
 Then give not a sigh to the beautiful hours,
 That brought no regret nor alloy—
 Like fragrance that lingers around faded flow'rs,
 Their mem'ry will still be a joy.